THE *Moderate Cavalier* OR *The Soldiers Description of* IRELAND AND *Of the Country Disease,* With Receipts for the same.

FRom *Gloceſter* Siege till Arms lay'd downe
In *Trewroe* fields, I for the Crowne
Vnder St. *George* March'd up and down
And then Sir,
For *Ireland* came, and had my ſhare
Of Blows not Lands gain'd in that warre
But GOD defend me from ſuch fare
Again Sir.

Take heed to thy ſelf, leſt thou make a Covenant with the Inhabitants of the Land whither thou goeſt, leſt it be for a ſnare in the midſt of thee, Exod: 34: 12,

Only take heed to thy ſelf, and keep thy ſoul diligently, leſt thou forget the things which thine eyes have ſeen, leſt they depart from thy heart all the dayes of thy life: but teach them thy ſons and thy ſons ſons. Deut: 4. 9,

A Book fit for all Proteſtants *houſes in* Ireland.

Printed Anno. Dom, MDCLXXV

To the Protestant *Nobility Gentry and Soldiery of* Ireland, *but more especially to the Woshipfull the Major Aldermen Sherriffs Citizens and Inhabitants of the City of Corke.*

A Soldier for the KING (great Sirs) to you
Humbly presents this little book to viewe
Which speaks of Storyes old, and not of newes
Things to most of you known: may be of vse
In after ages, when wee're dead and gone
And 'mongst all Protestants worth thinking on
He stiles his book, The Mod'rate Cavalier
Which who so reads, will find him so appear
Hee's no Incendiarie, to blow the fire
Of discension 'mongst Factions; or desire
VVarres: being content with his lowe estate
But's sorry that (too true) he can relate
No more of good encouragement from friends
To the poor Soldiers; who deserv'd amends
For their past Service, nere to be forgott
Wailst in *Ireland's*, an *Englishman* or *Scott*.
Be pleas'd therefore (brave Sirs) to Patronize
The Soldiers worke, that to his Enemies
He be not made contemptible, whose drift
For a poor liveing's only to make shift
VVhich being granted, the Soldier I say
For you and yours Eternally shall pray.

The Author upon his intent to have presented three dozen of these Boks to the Major of Corke and his guests at his Feast when he first comes into his Office.

GAllants, to Crown this Feast, you're here presented
With a New dish of Poetry, Invented

By a Soldier, and brought from Camp toth' City
VVhich ſpeaks of ſerious things more than of witty
Yet if in reading, it beget a ſmile
I hope (dear friends) you're pleaſed well that while
Behold three dozen Servitors appears
Which are ſix files of Mod'rate Cavaliers
All private Soldiers of the Forty Nine
Reviv'd with loſt Arrears, byth' grand deſigne
VVho come to make up a new *Convivium*
Aut Fabuloſum, Aut Hiſtoricum
Their Root is Six, which makes a Battail ſquare
Their Front, their Flanks, their Rear, all equal are
Silence once ſaid, then they in Poſture ſtand
Till they receive the next word of Command.
They will not Plunder, For you may your pocket
Or Trunk, leave to their charge and never lock it
Be pleas'd to hear them ſpeak, or you may find
By looking on them, what is in their Mind
If you don't like their Story, you may clap-em
Byth' heels, Caſhier or teare, or you may wrap-em
About your Sweetmeats, or they'l light your Pipe
Or at the worſt, they'l ſerve your ------ to wipe
If you do like their ſpeech which is but Ruſtick (et
They'l tell the Feats they 've done with Pike & Muſqu
How they have chaſed *Teige*, through woods & Boggs
And frightned him, more than a Hare's with Doggs
They'l tell how all *Ireland*, was at their coſt
Of Blood and Sweat, regain'd when it was loſt
Thus have I told you, what they are, and how
They may prove ſerviceable unto you:
It onely reſts that I Now for my paines
No loſer be: if that I get no gaines
Then, what you pleaſe, toth' Poet, or the Printer
'twill be an help to keep, a Fire in VVinter

My

MY Countrey Conſcience, prompts me not at all
'On feigned Gods, but oth' true God to call
T'inſpire my Muſe, and help me to relate
The poor *Engliſh* Proteſtants caſe and State
In *Ireland*, and to ſhew how they grew poor
And why ſo now, and then, let's God implore
To be their aid, and pray him to enlarge
Our Rich Countreymens hearts, for to diſcharge
Their duty naturall: For I conclude,
To Help their Helpers is but gratitude.
Theſe poor are ſuch, whoſe miſhap made them ſo
And not their Sloath, as plainly here I'le ſhowe,
Four hundred years, this venomleſs fair Land
(Except the Natives hearts) was at Command
Oth' *Engliſh* Scepter, and Imperiallll Crowne,
VVhoſe often Conqueſts kept Rebellions down
Till Forty one, when Hell broke looſe: the Devill
And Popiſh Prieſts, all plotting the vncivill
Late bloudy, barb'rous and Inhumane warre
I want apt words, their mallice to declare
That Authors, Actours, and Contrivers were
To kill and ſpoyle the *Engliſh* ev'ry where
Then ſpread abroad throughout this Iſle in Peace
At home, and in their beds a ſleep, did theſe
Hell-taught Furies, in one black diſmal night
One hundred thouſand Murther, e're 'twas light
(Except the light, they made by ſetting fire
Oth' *Engliſh* dwelling houſes) But t' inquire
Of all the Tortures, and vnheard of deaths
(Till then) the tongue of any man that breaths
Cannot expreſſe; much leſs then can my Pen
For Burn'd, Hang'd, Drown'd & Whip'd to dath were

Women

Women with Child, and Babes but newly borne
Alive rip'd open, and to pieces torne
Strip'd naked forc'd to run through Furres & thornes
And hunted were with Doggs (having sett Horns
Vpon their heads, to make them seem strange beasts
VVhreof they boasted, 'mongst themselves at Feasts
All this was nothing to their Cruelty
VVhich to escape, for *England* they must flye
VVhere Men in hast are raised to suppresse
Those Caniballs, and help, these comfortlesse
VVho soon arrived (by Gods blessing) here
And dar'd the Slaves to Battell every where
Twenty to one, Nay ten, they judg'd no odds
To give the Butchers, where the cause was Gods
And in short space, a handfull of Sick men
This Bloudy Nation had almost againe
Quite Conquered: But oh, alas! the VVarre
'Twixt KING an Parliament, our Trophees marre
Those Warlike spirits Quash'd by a Cessation
Of Arms; the bloudy Rebells, take occasion
To gather strength whilst our weake aids do scatter
They seem, themselves with Victorie to flatter
Takeing advantage of the time, their traine
Is brought with speed, their lost Forts to regaine
All's now their owne, except some Sea-port town
And that's Besieg'd, and almost batter'd downe
VVherein letts leave them, praying for some ayd
And crosse the Seas for *England* let us wade
VVhere Agents do addresse themselves toth' King
And Parliament, more forces thence to bring
But all in vaine, their owne turnes first they'l serve
Let *Ireland* sink or swim, or yeild or Starve.
VVhen *Youghall* was besieg'd, and *Corke* block'd up
Kinsale, and *Bandon bridge* dreading the Cup

The Rebells had prepar'd for them to drink
Of *Irelands* ſad eſtate, what could men think?
The vaſt Eſtate of him thats now a Lord
One bit of bread to him did not affoard
Would he not Promiſe much, but think ye then,
To Warlike Officers and all their men
That durſt adventure but to fetch a Prey
From his loſt Lands; what promiſes I ſay
Would he not make? ſhould not the Soldiers ſhare
Be the one half at leaſt, oth'gaine by warre?
Would he not Promiſe much, but think ye too
If ere came Peace, what he for them would do?
They ſhould have Farmes, to live on, at ſuch Rates
As if the ſame, had been their owne Eſtates
And, in all Cities, and the Markett townes
They ſhould be Freemen, if not weare Furre Gownes;
Have ye not heard, how the Mouſe in a Kieve
Of good Ale drowning, promiſed to give
Her ſelf, toth'Cat, if ſhe would help her out
Of that ſame danger; whereof (there is no doubt)
The Cat was glad; and forthwith lent her hand
And brought her forth: The Mouſe then at a ſtand
What ſhe ſhould do; at length eſpy'd a hole
Wherein ſhe crept: the Cat, ſeeing her ſtole
Away; ſaid, Faithleſs Mouſe performe your word
Or ne're againe ſuch help 'Ile you affoard:
The Mouſe ſecure, tells her a pretty tale
Wee keep no promiſes made in our Ale;
So here I ſay, Soldiers were promis'd fair
While to regaine *Ireland*, moſt did diſpaire
But now. the work is done, they like the Cat
Payd by the Mouſe, are even laughed at.
In *England* now the broyles are growne ſo great
Some for the King and others for the State

that

That men grow ſcarce, the Father's up in Armes
Againſt the Son, the Son againe Alarmes
His Fathers Quarters, Roundheads and Cavaliers
They call each other in deſpight, and Iears
They turne their Colters to ſharp Spears, and Swords
And fall to fighting, more with Elcws, than words
There is no roome for Cowards, all will fight
'Tis old mens glory, and the Youths delight
It was long doubtfull, which ſhould overcome
Sometimes the Crowne prevail'd, and other ſome
'Its Enemie: and to promote each cauſe
For bounden Prentices they make new Laws,
To take up Armes, and ſerve their times, ith' warre
No Corporations, may their Freedoms barre
This liberty proclaim'd, like curſed Charmes
Empryes the Shops, & fills the field with Armes (iers
Some borne by Men, but more, by Boyes they're Sold-
That can but Muſquetts carry on their ſhoulders.
Moſt hurtfull prov'd this Act, roth'Age Fifteen
And there abouts as now is plainly ſeen.
For thoſe that ſav'd their lives, they loſt their trades
And learn'd to ſwagger 'mong'ſt the Roreing blades
They, knew no Parents, but were *Sons* of *Mars*,
Soldiers of Fortune, bred up in the VVarres,
Yet Novices they were, and ſpendthrifts too,
Hott-mettled blades, they did themſelves vndoe:
Who was too greedy for the Upper hand,
Which when 'tis gott, then Soldiers muſt diſband
Buffe Coates growe out of faſhion, voted downe
And *Armes* muſt then give place unto the Gowne
Had they but fought, at the *Low Countrey* rate
They'd better pleas'd the King, if not the State.
But herein, letts noſ blame, the Victors haſt
To end, thoſe Civil Broyles nor let us caſt

The name of Cowards, on the Royall bands
VVho were outwitted, not orecome with hands.
Though wee can't Judge, whose numbers were at first
The Greatest; yet now wee know who'de the worst
The Statesmen, strove to weaken, still the King
Whose, Project tooke effect in this one thing
They, Ransom'd still, their Prisoners of Warre
Whereof the other Party, tooke no care
But sufferd theirs, to fill the Prisons, so
That half their men, in field they could not showe;
Our *English Irish* Agents then addresses
Make, for those Soldiers, and to them expresses
Great Love, pitty their present case, and then
Doe shew the oddes, 'twixt Prisoners and Free men
They, further Urge: the Justnes, of the cause
'Tis, for their Countrey, King, and all the Lawes
Of God, and Nature, 'gainst a Common Foe
That they should fight, and into *Ireland* goe
Whilst here, they fought, but Brother against brother
And dearest friends, were killing one another.
The State consented, and the Prisoners yeild
To be at large, once more ith' open field
They cross the Seas, and hast, to *Irish* Shore
VVhere getting foot-roome, soon doe make it more
They raise the Sieges, that before, was layd
Against the Ports, where first to land they made
Their Cause thus chang'd, a doubtfull, for a Just one
Toth' midst of all their Foes, they boldly thrust on
Where let us leave them, bravely makeing way
For all the good, that's here enjoy'd this day.
The Royall Party, now in *England*, sees
What 'tis, to lose such men: for by degrees
They are orecome meerly, for want of men
And are past hopes, except, that one, beat ten

Whereof, they doe deſpaire, knowing their Foe
At Equall numbers, fought them, long agoe
Thus, weaker ſtill, they grow, the other ſtronger
They needs muſt yeild, nor can they hold out longer.
The Warre thus ended, th' Agents doe Petition
For freſh ſupplyes, and ſhew the ſad condition
Their friends are in, in *Ireland*; who doe want
Both Men, and money, and their Men Provant
That are already there; a Comitte
Reports their caſe, toth' Houſe, then they decree
The Supernumeraries, to diſband,
Or ſend them over *Seas* into *Ireland*
They give Commiſſions for to beat up Drums
Throughout all *England*, and liſt all that comes
For Soldiers; both Round-heads, and Cavaliers
All are accepted. ſo they'r Volunteers
They promiſe them large pay, and 'tis no wonder
The Rebells goods, ſhall be to them free Plunder
Each private man ſhall there, be a Freeholder
And Gentleman to boot, is ev'ry Soldier.
Theſe Baits prevail'd, with ſuch as loſt their trades
In the late VVarre, and could not get by Spades
Their living; and of ſuch, an Army's rais'd
VVho ſoon came o're, and made the Rogues amaz'd
They quitt their weaker holds, flye to their ſtronger
where they are Storm'd, or elſe are Starv'd with hunger
To Mountraines, VVoods, & Boggs, they're chaſed then
(Not there ſecure) they're beaten out againe
In Loughs, and Iſlands then, they ſeek to hide
Themſelves, and villaines; where to abide
In ſafety, and unſought for, they ſuppoſe
But they're deceav'd: for on drye land, ſuch ſhowes
Of New built Shallops, Shipps, & Boats appeares
Brought by theſe men, that our they pull byth' ears

Thoſe Murth'ring Runawayes: yet give them Quarter
Who at the firſt, put the *Britiſh* to torture.
Here, by the way (Reader) I thee adviſe
To take notice, that I in any wiſe
Do not aſcribe, the glory oth' Conqueſt
To Men. but God; and where it is expreſt
The *Engliſh* ſuffer'd, or ſuch feats did doe
Proteſtants I mean; *Engliſh* and *Scotch* too,
Who *Britiſh* are; for diff'rence I make none
Between them, in any Service that's done
For if I ſhould, *Mountroes* brave Army then
VVould be forgott; who were deſerving Men
Epiſcopants, and Presbyterians
Independants and ſuch Sectarians
I give the Name of *Proteſtants*, to all
That joyn'd, againſt thoſe that wee Papiſts call
Nor was the Conqueſt made, by Cavaliers
Alone; Nor yet by the Parliamenteers:
The Earl of *Ormond*, Noble was ith' warre
And ſo was *Inchyquin*; who went as farre
In danger, for the time they both Commanded
As any men, could doe till *Cromwell* Landed.
Now when he came (to give the *Deel* his due)
In *Ireland* he praiſe-worthy was; though true
It is, for all his Acts, in *England* done
Againſt both Kings, the Father, and the Son
I count him baſe: But here ſome one may ſay
His *Iriſh* Service too's, condemn'd this day:
Well if it be, (I think) 'tis without cauſe
For *Ireland* then, was in the very Jawes
Of Death, and had been ſwallow'd up, no doubt
If the *Iriſh*, then had not got the Rout.
But 'twas not He, nor his Army did all
The Service, that was ſince done; as I ſhall

Now make appear: for then, brave Sir *Charles Coot*
Had been exempt, who so Nobly stood too't
Maintaining of the Common cause; Gods just
Revenge against Murther; whose very dust
I honour, who in's Fathers stepps so trod
As to the Rebells, was the Scourge, or Rod
Of the Almighty: He (by good advise)
Did kill the Nitts, that they might not growe Lice
The Lord of *Broghill* too, herein ought not
Amongst the VVorthyes, once to be forgott.
Generall *Iones*, *Reignolds*, and many more
Brave things in *Ireland* did, but (as before
I said) these were Instruments; now the praise
To God alone, let us returne alwayes.

And left that *Teige* should say, He, for the King
Did fight (which to me is a hatefull thing)
And pretend, that these Worthyes, were his Foes
My mind, and conscience, I will now disclose
I think, they served God, the King; and State
That were most Active, in breaking *Teigs* pate,
Nay more I say; I think *Broghil*, an *Coot*
Against the King, never lift hand, or foot
Whereas, the *Irish* Rebel-like, ran out
Against the King, and Law: and meant (no doubt)
To sett the *Pope* above his head, whose right,
Before the Kings, they did preferre, in spight.

Could ever they, then (though deceitfully
They seem'd reform'd) have claime to Loyalty
I answer nay: God would not them permitt
To goe unpunnish'd, for all their subtile witt
They vs'd: when vanquish'd, and quite overcome
Then *Teige*, is for the King forsooth: for whome
They Banish'd were, and with him were partakers
In sufferings, impos'd by his forsakers.

No- they did the King much wrong: and great
Pretending, for his right they took up Armes (harmes
Yet was not able him for to restore
No: that's a worke for those I nam'd before
Broghil, and *Coot*, with the *Irish* Brigade
(So call'd) with *Monke*, their helping hands so lay'd
That after subduing the Rebells here
His Majesty in Peace, they brought in clear
And re-establish'd him, in his Throne
O're whome on Earth Superiour ther's none.
All this premis'd, the Rebells vanquish'd quite
Fairly in Field, the Remnant put to flight

Thus *Ireland* was reduc'd: But letts see how
Our gallant Soldiers are requited now
And whether they that have escap'd their Graves
By their own Countrey men are not made slaves
And first I will begin with those (they say)
Did *Cromwell* serve, who for *Ar*rears of pay
Had land sett out to them in satisfaction:
You'd think them well: But truth is no detraction
Some private Soldiers, were by their Commanders
Chous'd of their Land, and Pack'd away to *Flanders*
And he that would not goe, but thought to stay
And live on's Land, they found another way
To make him weary of it, by Law Suits
Against him to commence, whereby the fruits
Of all his hopes, his labour, and his Land;
He spends at Law, his Captaine to withstand
VVeary'd at Law, to purchase Peace, at last
He sells his Land; and then that danger's past.

Now while his money lasts, or some short space
His Captaine makes him Seargeant of that place
But this here holds for he with Cap in hand
To's Captaines wife at all turnes cannot stand.

Nor

Nor can he, *Iriſh* ſpeake to buy and ſell
Nor tennants, can procure with them to dwell
Then out hee's turn'd, and in comes *teige*, in's roome
VVhoſe double diligence, like a new Broome
Sweeps all clean: is juſt toth' Captaines mind
VVhat e're, his Maſter ſayes, hee'l ſwear: ſo kind
Beſides, he proves toth' Children, of his Maſter (her
That, when the Maid chides them, he ſwears hee'l baſt-
VVith, *Vourneen glagal*, and *A gra me cree*
He takes his Maſters Son upon his knee
And *Streapah granah*, learns the Child, to call
the Maid, *Buddah a Man*, adding *taw* Brawl:
And then, *teige* laughs and ſweares by's *goſſips hand*
His *Fathers ſon's*, the beſt in all *Ireland*
Thus filthy words, are taught the child in's Cradle
VVhich ſeldome are left off, when come toth' Saddle
This pleaſes ſo the Mother of the child
that, all *teig* does, is well: ſhe's ſo beguil'd
VVith flattering, that now *Teigs* wife muſt Nurſe
The next Chil d ſhe ſhall have: *Teige* ſweares his purſe
Shall be the Childs; Now, hee's a *Foſterfather*
Not for his own, but for this Child hee'l gather
Hee'l give the Child, a *Coat I Bawn*, of Bandle
And buy it, *Brogel gaulda*, and then dandle
The babe in's Armes, crying *ſhane Poge*, *Cade Poge*
Vic a me Vaiſter, *Nab Touſa Shane Oge*?
Tow tow Lawnah: This pleaſes, more and more
Teigs now of Kin that was not ſo before.
VVho now but *Teige*? His counſel ſo prevailes,
That all the *Engliſh* Servants, by his tales
Are threatned to be turn'd away: his Cozins
Come flocking round about him, by whole dozens
Donnough the groome ſteps in, in *Richards* place
And *Shevane Oge*, doth turne out gentle *Grace*

Then *Gilla Patrick*, *Hugh*, and the *Mac Rorjes*
Are ſent for home, who're out amongſt the Toryes
With them their Morter-pieces: *Omna*, *Sive*
And *Moar* great beaſtly Drones; creep into th' Hive
Who ſo bewitch the Captaine and his wife
That theſe muſt be *Followers*, all their life.
The *Engliſh* Neighbours (undegenerate)
Theſe Furies cauſe their *Foſterer* to hate.
Do Treſpaſs on their land, and drive to Pound
The honeſt mens Cattle, off their own ground
To Law they goe, now all things ſute in fitnes
And Right or wrong, *Teige* is the Captaines Witnes;
But may we think that *Teige* and his falſe Crue
To their *Foſterer*, will alwayes prove true?
No: you may ſweare it; for what's bred ith' bone
Will not out of the fleſh, when all is done.
'Tis knowne too well, in Ages paſt, how they
Behav'd themſeves in peace; and how ith' day
Of warre, their friendſhip, was but feing'd, in peace
Which gave them great advantage, to encreaſe
Rebellions: then, would ſhew their Cruelty
To Goſſips, and their Foſterers: and why
Should any think, that theſe, who are the ſeed
And offspring, of a Murdrous Bloudy breed
Be otherwiſe than they? Had theſe but power
Both Root and Branch, of *Engliſh* in one houre
They would deſtroy: are wee not *Hereticks*?
Say they, and was not that one oth' old tricks
Their Prieſts did uſe, to ſtirre them to Sedition
And Proteſtants to kill, would they not give Cõmiſſion?
Yea: Would they not abſolve; the breach of Oathes
'Gainſt King, and State: their Church, & Pope ſo loath
A Proteſtant? their *Anti-Chriſtian* Spirit
Bid's Murther us, and Saints them too for *Merit*

what

What confidence in oathes, then may we have,
Of Papiſts taken, I would of you crave?
Do wee not ſee, It is their chief Ambition
Amongſt the Proteſtants to make Diviſion?
'Twas they, invented names, of Separation
In our Religion: which by imitation
Of them (for diſtinction ſake) wee did vſe;
But in the Tract of time, did ſo abuſe
Our friends, that at length, they were held as Brands
Of infamy: and weakned ſo our hands
That amongſt Proteſtants, grew as much ſtriſe
As Papiſts e're could wiſh: except the Liſe
Of ev'ry one, that did not goe to Maſſe
VVhereat they only aim'd to bring to paſſe
For when diſtinction was, 'twixt Old and New
Proteſtants then ſuch hatred grew
As if *Turks*, *Iewes*, and Infidels combin'd
Had been byth'ears, for what each one deſign'd,
And 'twixt the ſtanding Army and disbanded
Grew jealouſyes, which was the better Landed
They cauſ'd the *Forty nine* for to ſuſpect
The *Fifty three*, as though through their neglect
They was not ſatisfy'd with them: that they
Remember might, their Chriſtmas-box this day
And I believe nothing hath drawne a Curſe
On *Engliſh* New Int'reſts, or proved worſe
Than that the *Forty Nine* had no Arrears
VVho ſerved faithfully, in want Eight yeares
Againſt the Common foe: which thing reflects
On the Eſtates now, of the greedy Sects.
Nor is it mended yet, ſince private men
That well deſerv'd, are now deceiv'd againe
By their own Officers; pretending they
Of *Cromwell* ſince had Arrcares of their pay

Yet many of them, never ſince did ſerve
And thoſe that did; they muſt do ſo or ſtarve.
But 'tis all one, *Cromwell* and *Forty Nine*
Thoſe private Soldiers Arreares did deſigne
Sould ne're be pay'd: God grant it prove no Rott
To the Eſtates the Officers have gott
Againe Betwixt the Old and New Intreſt
To move Law, Hath not *Teige* done his beſt?
In brief they'd hand in all the hurt was done
Amongſt the *Engliſh*, ſince the world begun
But here ſome may object, that the whole Nation
Of *Iriſh* to this Charge, has no relation.
For ſome, have prov'd their Innocence ſo cleare
As 'tis not fit to criminate them here,
And others have been faithfull all the warrs,
Whoſe bodyes can their valour ſhew by Scarres.
All this is granted; but oth firſt, I ſay
One in ten thouſand, is the moſt that may
Be ſo ſuppos'd: whoſe *Conſtant good affection*
Did prove: though others (Living in *Protection*
Durſt not run forth) Penn'd up ith' *Engliſh* Quarters
Did Newters ſtand, who feared to dye *Martyrs*
As ſome, would bragg, they did (who had betray'd
The place they liv'd in) when ſuff'rers were made
And for the laſt, though *Iriſh* by *Extraction*
I count them *Engliſh* for that very action.
This anſwer'd thus, another may againe
Object: what though the *Iriſh* did in vaine
Their own Religion ſtrive for to advance?
They had Preſident for it out of *France*.
But being overcome; ſhou'd Cruelty
Be meaſur'd back to them? that I deny:
And leave to him, who ſaid, *Vengeance is Mine*
I will repay: to whom let us confine.

Our

Our ſelves: yet while we thus reſolve, ſhall we
Vnto our Countreymen, ungrateſull be?
In ſhewing *Mercy*, forget to be juſt,
Preferre our Foes, before our friends and thruſt
The Proteſtants, that help'd us in our need
Out of Imployments, Papiſts put in ſtead?
I anſwer, Nay: For that there is no reaſon.
Ye don't we ſee 'tis juſt ſo at this ſeaſon
Begin at *Dublin*, the chief Regal City
And mark how squares goe there (the more's the pitty)
Though *Engliſh*, be the Judges, *Iriſh* Clarkes
Do there abound, VVith confidence like sparks
Oth' world they Domineer: and who but they?
VVith Cap in hand to them, brave Soldiers pray
Ith' Court they will be ſeen; But goe to Church
There *Teige* and *D rmot* leaves you in the Lurch.
In *Cuſtomes*, *Excize*, Offices for *Cloath*
Leather, *Meaſures*, *Chimneys* and to ſay troth
In all *Money-matters*, they are *Projectors*
And moſt on end imploy'd to be *Collectors*
Let's down into the Countrey come and ſee
How all things there do goe, whoſ 'ever be
High Sherif an *Iriſh* man is the Under
Then for the Bayliffs to be ſo's; no wonder
Apparatours ith' Biſhops Court who're they?
But *Iriſh*: and VVho are Atturney's pray?
And *Proctours*, are not they the very men?
For one *Engliſh*, of them is there not ten?
Is not the Army ſtuff'd, with ſuch like traſh
They're *Ala mode de France*, each one with's *Sw*
A dirty *Crevate*, or a Fox-Furre *Muff*
and ſome of them brave fellows are in Buffe
Booted and *Spurr'd*, have caſt off their old *Eroges*
And wear great *Breeches*, that were *Trowz'd* like Rogues
VVith *Veſt* and *Tunicke*, ſtead of *Blew Frize Jetkin*
Can now tell tales of *Madam* and her Rhyme toot ---- *Merkin*

An *Iriſh* man was ſeen in dayes of Old
But with a *Skean*, while now wee do behold
Him with a *Rapier* or a good *Back ſword*
A croſſe his Arſe, with *Damme* at ev'ry word.
Theſe are the Propps that now ſupport this Nation
God grant they hold if e're come alteration,
All things thus order'd makes the *Engliſh* poore
And poorer needs muſt be, while they're crow'd o're
By e'vry *Snap*: For th'*Iriſh* wait upon
Our Gentry, where they do but keep a man.
Now here (perhaps) ſome would themſelues excuſe
'Tis not for love, they do the *Iriſh* uſe
In all Imployments, ſpoken of before,
But cauſe their konwledge is therein farre more
Than *Engliſh* have: But I ſay that ſurmiſe
Is falſe, and won't paſs Muſter, with the wiſe,
Who know the little skill the *Iriſh* have
They learn'd it of the *Engliſh*; yet none (ſave
Some few of them) that are in any art
Their Crafts-Maſters: although for th'botching part
Degenerate *Engliſh*, and their own Nation
Will them imploy, 'gainſt which there's no perſwaſion
And here againe (methinks) I heare ſome grumbling
Againſt my laſt aſſertion; and much mumbling
Concerning Scholarſhip: all Uulgar mouths
Are open, affirming this Countrey youths
In Latine farre exceed our *Engliſh* who
Feigne Common conſent: gave them long agoe
Preheminence, For School-Maſters therefore
They will have *Iriſh*: oh! who, than we, more
Stupid? Good God! ſince this, ſo long hath paſt
For Currant with moſt men, now at the laſt,
Help my blunt quill, and my duller braine
Theſe fooliſh dreames, and fictions to reſtraine

amongſt

Amongst my Countreymen: open their eyes
And let them see, what they believ'd were lyes
Remove that plague, which doth so many seize-on
And grant, they may at length be rul'd by reason.
I say of Learning the *Irish* may not boast
For any thing yet seen in all their Coast
No Art, or Science, have have they yet found out
No Treatise of Religion, and I doubt
No History: or good Romance worth reading
VVas yet by any of them writt, and spreading
In any part oth'world: what they doe call
Philosophy (wherein their boast's not small
Is skill in Sophistry: wherewith to wrangle
They are well verst who do for Trifles Iangle
And with a Pack of learned Cow-boys they
May with the world compare: none sayes them Nay
On th'other side, VVhole Volumes, *English* works
through Christendom havegone: yea 'mongst the *Turks*
'Tis true, some *Irish* speak good Latine: though
The most of their Schoolmasters do not so
But none of them can speak one word of *Greek*
or *Hebrew*; in those tongnes they are to seek
VVhere all the *English* that do bear the name
of Scholars; are good linguists in the same.
And such as through the Gramar scarse have read
In *England*, are Doctours to them here bred.
The *Padagogues* here cry'd up *Humanists*
May blush (if shame they had) to come ith'Lists
Of our half-Gramarians; All but the blind
And obstinate, this truth can eas'ly find.
Nothing hath done more hurt toth' *English* Nation
Than *Irish* Schoolmasters by all relation
The *Fosterer*, the babes, the Schools the youth,
Do *English* turn to *Irish*: of a truth

their

Their Speech, and Manners, are corrupted ſo
That *Mongrell-Engliſh* may for *Iriſh* goe
As in all *Ages* paſt, they had an hand
In all *Rebellions* hatch'd within this Land
So will they ſtill, it much is to be doubted
Ioyne with the *Iriſh*; if they be not Routed
For many of them, who were well to paſſe
From Church have lately turn'd: now go to Maſſe,
So then the *Nurſe*, *Schoolmaſter*, and the *Prieſt*
Doe *foſter*, *Teach* and *Preach* up *Antichriſt*.
The Cannons of the Engliſh Church forbid
Such *Schoolmaſters*; yet of them wee're not rid
And divers Statutes were in *Ireland* made
Againſt them, Foſtering and Prieſts, now layd
Behind the backs of ſuch as rule the roſt
For 'mongſt the Great ones they're conniv'd at moſt
Though ſome of them are free from Imputation
Of ſuch like deeds, It is my chief perſwaſion
Some Juſtices of Peace for their owne ends
To my own knowledge have beſpoke their friends
To ſend their Children to an IriſhMaſter
A Papiſt, and but a Gramaticaſter
And feeded him within an Engliſh towne
VVherein were Engliſh SchoolMaſters, and downe
Have voted them; whoſe skill (if not exceed)
Did equall his: of whom there was no need
Vnleſs it were to teach an Iriſh ſmack
To ſuch as did it in their Engliſh lack.
This ill Example gave occaſion to
The Common people for the like to doe
And by ſuch means the Bread is ta'ne away
Out of the Engliſh mouths, now at this day
A good requitall, for their comeing o're
Soldiers into this Land; and it is more

than

Than Probable, 'twill prove an Invitation
To other *Engliſh*, for planting of this Nation
Shibboleth. *Iephthah*'s word recorded ſtands
Which try'd the Rebell *Ephraimites*, whoſe bands
Were ſcatterd, when Forty and two thouſand
At *Iordan*, Paſſages felt by his hand
Though they themſelues *Ephraimites* deny'd
By *Sibboleth* pronouncing they're deſcry'd.
So here I ſay the tongue will ſoon diſcover
Which is the man that is an *Iriſh* lover
Bid him but ſay, This thing in Mouth A Third
Hee'l fairly ſay, *Dis Ting* in *Mout* A *Tird*.
Some ſay the water of St. *Patricks* well
When *Engliſh* drink thereof, like to a Spell
By Magick Art procur'd makes them forgetfull
Of *Engliſh* Manners: others hold deceitfull
Is the *Irish* Clime transforming Mens minds
Toth'Countrey Cuſtoms, turning with all winds
But not the *Water*, nor the *Iriſh* Clime
Have pow'r o're Noble minds Spirits ſublime
Contemne the Elements: there's no mutation
With them, Nor ſubject are to alteration.
'Tis he who hath an evil eye, whoſe mind
Is not with Vertue but full fraught with wind
And ſuch as place their chiefeſt happineſſe
In things below the Sun. whoſe thoughts are leſſe
To be good than great faine would have excuſes
For unjuſt actions: and father abuſes
Done to their Neighbours on the land or water
When their baſe hearts are guilty of the matter.
He well obſerv'd in writing *Irelands* Story *Sir Iohn Davies*
Since firſt the *Engliſh* Conquer'd it the (the glory
Whereof he gave to *Strongbows* Martiall hand
Who then made *Englands* King Lord of this Land)

How that the great Estates some Chiefraines had
Within three Ages, made them prove as bad
Or worse than the *Wild-Irish* were before
For they did much oppress, and Lord it o're
Their followers, that help'd them for to gaine
The Countrey: So that these poore souls were faine
For *England*, from their Tyranny to flye
Here quitting their Estates, when by and by
Broke forth Rebellions; for the strongest hand
was all the Law they would have in this Land.
Then *England* would be forc'd againe to send
More Men to make new Conquests, and defend
The Title, which to *Ireland* it did claime
For the first Conquerers, were scarce in name
English; Degenerating so in manners
That they did March under the Rebells Banners
And it was harder to suppress that crewe
Than the *wild Irish*; who was beat by few.
Nay 'tis suppos'd the Major part this day
Of *Irish*, are but Mongrells such as they
For many of Queen *Elizabeths* men
In these last Warres were Rebells, But 'tis ten
To one, that they were Papists, or my life
For it, they Marry'd had an Irish wife
Which were grand Causes of degeneration
Ever observ'd to happen in this Nation.
'Twas not for want of wholsome Laws still made
So long it was e're *Ireland* could be said,
To be an *English* Plantation: but 'cause
There wanted Execution of those Laws
For, had Oppression been but peep'd into
The meaner sort had liv'd here as they doe
In *England*, where Yeomen, and Tradesmen dare
Demand their debts oth'best not standing bare

And if the ſtatutes againſt Foſterers
And thoſe made, againſt *Iriſh* SchoolMaſters
And Prieſts, had been obſerv'd: this Land had then
Been well planted, with perſe & *Engliſh* men
Such as to flatter, are aſham'd: or turne
From *Engliſh* principles, would ſooner burne
VVho love their Countrey ſpeech, bec'ne're ſo broad
Beyond an *Iriſh* Tone: though their abode
Be in the Countrey, chuſe to be untaught
Rather than learn'd (eſteeming that ſo naught)
If none but *Iriſh* Teachers they can have
They'd Latine lack their Native tongue to ſave
And rather than marry an *Iriſh* wife
VVill Batchellers remain for tearme of life
And for Religion, had rather than Papiſts
Be any thing: the Heathens and meer Athiſts
Did never hold, To Murther men was Juſt
Becauſe, not of their Sect. As Papiſts muſt
Believe: to kill an Heretick is Merit
Monſters in Nature! that's their Diviliſh Spirit.
The Engliſh Cuſtom's, not to put to Nurſe
Their Children, untill Gold have fill'd their purſe
Or eſſe the Mother can't give ſuck, and then
They claime no Foſter-kindred, being Men
Nor are they Foſter'd up in Idlenes
Although, their Parents do great wealth poſſeſſe
But they do bring them up at ſuch a rate
As is moſt ſutable, to their Eſtate
Some, ſhall their Yonth at Schoole and Colledge ſpend
Others, at Inns of Court, their Studies end
Some go to Trades, others their Stately Teams
Are wont to drive: VVhilſt here all's in extreames
A *Gentleman* or *Churle*, *Scholar* or *Cowboy*
No Trade but *Merchant* ſerves for ev'ry *Play-boy*.

Hee

Hee that can reckon but his Pedegree:
Twenty descents from a Gentleman, Hee
I say as a poor *gentleman* will beg
All o're the Kingdome, till he hath one leg
Ith'Grave rather than he will so disgrace
His farre fetcht *Kindred*, and their *Gentile race*
By being of a *trade*, though ne're so good
He will be *Hang*'d first, and not stain his Bloud:
Another Evil in *Ireland* we see
VVhich happens most to such as English be
Farmers can't live unlesse their VVealth be great
Or be befriended by some Potentate
A *Freehold* worth *ten pounds* a year's no more
To live on: than to make the owner Poor
VVho must attend all *Sessions* and *Assizes*
And *Turnes* and *County Courts*, and all devices
That may be if his land doe Bound, or's near
Any *Great Mans*: He dares not but be there
Or else hee's *Fin'd*, a Quarters Rent at least
That in short space, he shall not have a Beast
To ride on, or a Garran for to Plough
'T was ever so in *Ireland*: and so 'tis now:
Then fain hee'd sett his Land, But who dares take it
For he must Sell't out right, or quite forsake it
'Cause this *Great man*, doth only aime to Ha'te
Hee *Sells* it to him, even at's owne Rate.
Then if hee's VVise, for England hee'l away
Before all's gone; where that in Peace he may
Of a small Stock, or by a working hand
Live better there: than here on's *Freehold Land*.
To goe, or stay, now doubtfull is the matter
For live he can't here well, if he can't *Flatter*
And if therein, he get not the right knack
He shall have *Teige* and *Dermott* on his back

With Mongrell *Sheorge*, and his apposiate friends
To sit on's skirts ('gainst whome good Lord defend's)
Who will back-bite him, and traduce him, so
That though hee's poor, yet poorer he shall grow.
Ill fed, Cloathed, and Lodg'd, the man falls sick
And (weary of the world) cares not how quick
Death summons him unto the silent grave
Who trusts in *Christ*, that he his Soul will save
Hee liues not long, but yet he doth survive
His neighbours Charity, which he alive
Amongst his *Countreymen*, long since saw dead
Who unto *Doggs*, do throw the Childrens *bread*
And will use means, to save an Oxe, or Cow
Of their owne, but their poor Countrey-man now
They have no need of: for he looks for Cates
They say; is too fine-mouth'd, and at the rates
The *Irish* do, can't live: give them Potatoes (choes
They'l Boyle, and Roast, and stroke up their Musta-
This makes them *Teige* employ, 'cause he will serve
For lesse than *English* can; so they must starve.
Thus *Irish* fare, must serve the man that labours
Which hath destroy'd, many poor *English* neighbours.
The honest man thus dead, now goes to wracke
That family: his widdow at her back
Getts up their youngest child: the rest 'byth' hand
She takes and goes to him who hath much Land
(An *English*-man suppose) and tells her grief
And for her, and the children, beggs relief:
From thence, they strike o're, to an *Irish* Village
Where Stacks of Corne they see, and store of tillage
But when they're there, the people of the place
Come round about them, staring in their face
And call them *Clandgaulda's* in disgrace
That without Alms, from thence they trudge apace,

Then doe they goe, to such another man
Though ten miles off (if one such finde they can)
As was the *Childrens* Father) though no kin
VVith whom they doe make bold; he takes them in
And ſetts ſuch meat before them, as he eats
Condoles their caſe; and gives adviſe (not threates)
To goe for *England*, amongſt their owne friends
And (when refreſh'd) a Garrane to them lends
To bring them to ſome towne, with *Engliſh* planted
VVho have not yet forgot that they once wanted
Such men as was theſe poor ſoules Father: and
They make a purſe, to ſend them for *England*:
VVhere (we ſuppoſe) they ſhall ſome comfort find
'Mongſt *Chriſtians* there, who will relieve their kind
And where I leave them, ſadly to report
How our Grandees, *Oppreſſe* the meaner ſort
VVhich to confirm, and to make *Affidavit*
I'de bring *Ten thouſand*, if need were to have-it.
But now, 'cauſe this poor Man, doth perſonate
The major part oth' *Engliſh*: who of late
VVere Soldiers; let me not begrudge my breath
To tell how it was found, he came by's Death.
The *Crowner* being call'd (one *Mr. Juſtman*
VVhome, if I mayn't believe, I'le never truſt-man)
In pannelled a *Jury*, whoſe *Fore-man*
VVas Mr. *Reaſon*, next him (if I can
tell's name) I thinke was Mr. *Look-ſharp*, who
VVith *Three* more ſuch was ſworn, and next unto
Them, Mr. *Experience*: with his Pair-Royall
And *Three* with Mr. *Tell-troth*, paſſ'd oth' *Tryall*.
Firſt *Reaſon* he began the Corps to view
He paſſ'd byth'old wounds, and look'd about for new
But finding none; he Judged him to die
Of a *Country-Diſeaſe*, or ſome maladie

Inward

Inward; which maſter'd had, his vitall part
And did ſuppoſe *Oppreſſion* went to's heart,
Next, *Mr. Look-ſharp* with his three eſpy'd
Old wounds that were on's head, and ſome on's ſide
Which look'd like *Cutts*, & *Thruſts* or *Stabs* with *Skeans*
The leaſt whereof might well have been a means
To have brought him to's end: for ſuch like Scarres
Had many Kill'd, the firſt day of the Warres.
But 'cauſe they ſaw them whole, they paſſ'd them by
And on his meagre face, they caſt their eye
Which did denote he had been hardly vſed
And (to ſay truth) was over much abuſed
They ſpy'd his neck to bend, his Sholders black
As if hee'd borne *Oppreſſion* on his back
Which made them judge, that gave the man his Bane
Whereat the *Corps*, did (as 'twere) Sneeze againe
Then ſaid *Experience*, and his three Friends
The *Countrey-Diſeaſe* in three kinds extends
Itſelfe: firſt *Murther*, then the *Bloody-Flix*
Which hath conſum'd more men, by three in ſix
Than did the Sword, in the late Bloudy Warre
The laſt's *Oppreſſion* whereof lett's take care.
Oth' *Firſt* and *Laſt* Ireland was never free
But to the *Laſt*, letts Death aſcribed be.
At length comes *tell-troth* who brings up the Rear
And his companions, all ſpeak without feare:
That this man had been long ſore ſick: But never
Had any comfortable thing whatever
To cure his grief: the man was Broken-hearted
E're ſince the day, that he with his Land parted
They ſaid, he faintly ſpake on his Death-bed
Not all the *Wounds* he had receiv'd on's head
And in his body: Some at *Knockno noſſe*
Some at *Connell*, at *Lymrick* and at *Roſſe*,

No

No nor the *Bloudy Flux*: but 'twas *Oppression*
That did him Kill: to God he made's Confession
And did declare toth' World; it griev'd him more
To see the *English* make the *English* poor
Than all the hardships, he did e're indure
And 'twas too late then, to prescribe him cure.
Hee pray'd God to forgive their Sin, and turne
Their hearts: for who to's Death, he needs must mourne
'Cause *Evil* they had done for *Good*, and did conclude
They was most guilty of *Ingratitude*.
Though 'tis but some *English* (I'le not say all)
Are so: and those too now, I hope mend shall.
This said; it was the Vote oth' whole Enquest
The man had liv'd, had he not been Oppreſt
Which is *one kind* of the *Countrey-Disease*
Infectious and Mortall in times of Peace
When bred of *Wealth* grows envious and haughty
Good mens enemy, and friend to the naughty.
Now since the Disease is found out; the Cure
(To tak't in time) may be effected sure;
The Learned say; whose sayings lett's respect
Remove the Cause, that takes away th'Effect.
I'me no Physitian, but (by chance) have gott
Three good Receits, which (in my mind) may not
Be much unfit to be prescribed here
To cure this *Countrey-Disease*; far and neer.

The first Receit.

'Gainst the First kinde, ere while call'd *Murthot*
Ne're trust an *Irish Papist*, further
Than you can throw an Oxe: and if he flatter
Suspect deceit, to be the end oth' matter.
Let him not wear a Sword, nor yet a Skean
Nor be too intimate with him if mean

You

You do to sleep in a whole skin: Put not
A Gun into his hands *Powder* or *Shott*
To kill the Dawes, *Nor* give, or *Lend*, or *Sell*
To such as he, though he shoot ne're so well
Let him not be your *Fowler*, if you can
In *Ireland* find, but any *English* man,
For by such means they *Arm'd* themselves at first
And after that into *Rebellion* burst
And with the *weapons* of the very Owner
Have Murtherd him: their hearts as hard as stone are.
Let him not ride in the *Militia-troops*
Nor in a Man of *warre* (whose stately Poops
Was not ordain'd for *Shamrogeers*) to serve
Left they *Betray* or else, doe from you swerve.
Whereby the *English*, may at Sea, and Land
This *Deare-bought Kingdome*, keep vnder command
Let not the want of Numbers e're invite
The *Ppatists aid*, to Joyne with you in fight
But, *Trust* on God, to *Help* you in your need
Not *Isr'el*-like on *Egypts* broken Reed.
The Scriptures do declare, *Armies* have been
Too great for God to lead: and that was seene
By *David*, and valiant *Ionathan*
Said, God could save by *few*; the arm of man
He did despise: so say's the Sacred Story
Left to themselves, Men should ascribe the glory.
If any private Murther chance to be
(As from such like, this Nation's seldome free
Let not the Murtherer escape, whose bloud
Shall be on his owne head, and reason good
Gods Law doth warrant it; let not affection
Favour or fear, or any mans Protection
Save the Offenders life: *Who sheds mans Bloud*
By Man shall his be shed: though ne're so good

Let not pretence of Valour, or a Duell
Have countenance in Law, or to the cruell
Murtherer, be hopes of pardon; this ſure
againſt all Murther (if not to ſay cure)
Is a good *Antidote* taken in ſeaſon
This *Kingdome* to preſerve ith' eye of Reaſon.

The Second Receit.

THis ſecond kind, doth only bear the name
Of the *Countrey-Diſeaſe*: in warre, this ſame
Doth vſe t'outvie the Sword; the cauſe is want
Of wholſome dyet, and good Lodgings ſcant
From whence this Diſeaſe doth proceed: Freſh men
Are ſubject moſt to this; ſcarce one, in ten
But at ſome time or other, hath been ſick
of this very Diſeaſe: 'tis not ſo quick
As is the former kind; yet more have dy'd
Of it, than of any other beſide.
Med'cins for th'Flux are plenty; ſome will drink
New Ale over the Kieve for it; ſome think
The leaneſt fleſh of a Buttocke of Bieſe
Freſh, and half broyl'd, Griskin-like's the chiefe.
As for th'Ague in *England*, ſo we here
For this, Receits have ſtore; that I'le forbear
Now, any more to name: 'cauſe I intend
But this one preſervative to commend.
Firſt keep *Rebellions* downe, which cauſeth *Warre*;
Warre bringeth Scarcity, and that Hard fare
Hard fare, and cold, cauſeth the *Blondy-Flux*
VVhich Thouſands *Engliſh*, into their Graves plucks.
Now if VVarre happen, to be counted wiſe
Better than heretofore, your *Soldires* prize.
Let them have conſtant *Pay*, to buy them food
And ſee their *Provant*, be wholſome and good:

And

And let their *Garrisons* unto them yield
Good Lodgings; and when out they goe toth'*Field*
Let them have *Tents*, and pitch on Champaign ground
VVhere *Fire* and *Water*, may be eas'ly found
All things so order'd, will doubtlesse prevent
The *Bloudy-Flux*. to Armyes incident
This last in *Warre*; the rest in times *of Peace*
Are *Med'cines*, against the *Countrey-Disease*.

The Third Receit

AGainst *Oppression*, thus runs my Receit
Take out of *Holy Scripture*, ev'ry *Threat*
pronounc'd against that Sin: spread them upon
A fine cloath of *Vnderstanding*: let none
Of them be lost; and if your Plaister crumble
Or stick not fast; your Vnderstanding humble
By dipping it ith'Oyle of *Grace*: then cling
(As'twere a Cere-cloath) 'twill toth' *Vlc'rous* thing
That done, apply the Plaister to the part
That doth *Oppresse* (which most on end's the *Heart*
Thence ne're remove it, till it make you say
(Like *Samuel*) behold I'me here this day
VVitness against me now, before the *Lord*
And before his *Annoynted*; (say the word)
VVhose *Oxe* have I taken? whose *Asse*? or whome
Have I defrauded? let the *Oppressed* come:
Of whose hand, have I any *Bribe* receiv'd
To blind mine eyes therewith? be not deceiv'd)
And I will it restore to them. I doubt
If some Men here, should say the like; then out
VVould come an answer, not like his: the *Poor*
English would say; then first our Armes restore

which

VVhich you unjustly tooke away, by force
Nor paying what they cost us out of purse
VVherewith (by Gods blessing we did regaine
This lost *Kingdome*, and made you *Lords*: in vaine
Have we ventur'd our Lives, and lost our Bloud
To get Estates for you: if this be good
Requitall *Judge yee*? sure it was not so
That *Isr'el* answer'd *Samuel*: No, no,
They said, *thou hast not us defrauded*, nor
Oppressed us: neither did'st thou take for
A Bribe, ought of any mans hand; the *Lord*
And his *Anoynted* witness, 'tis our word.

This Med'cine may be fitt for the *Trustees*
oth' *Forty-Nine*; who (by their licking *Fees*
I'le not say *Bribes*) have got such vast Estates
Makes *wise* Men think, of what the *Vulgar* prates
The *Green-Chamber* bus'ness, was but a *Cheat*
Not well perceav'd, (their *Jugling* was so neat)
Till now; we see, theirs was an *Army* strange
All *Officers*, No *Soldiers*, could they range
In *Muster-Rolls*: it seems, they all were *Slaine*
And their *Dead-Pays*; toth' *Trustees* now remaine.

This *Med'cin's* for the use of such as have
A mind like *Ahabs*, to whome, his *Wife* gave
Naboths Vineyard; becaus it was so near
The Kings: let such the Prophets Judgment fear
And (if the *Courts* of *Claims* have done amiss)
This *Med'cine* for their Cure prescribed is.

Yet I for my part can no Man accuse
And (if I could) I should be loath to use
My pen 'gainst *English*, they too my Superiours
To whome, is Honour due; from all inferiours

Some hold the want of Money, and bad Trading
Comes of *Oppression*; nay there is no wading

In this great Sea, where that a Ship may ride
Not Sound the Depth, at lowest Ebbe of Tide.
Oppression, is so various that I
Can only Hint, what's obvious to each eye:
The *Wearer* of the *Shoe*, he best doth knowe
VVhether it wring his *Instep* or his Toe.
Then briefly where to doe, Men make profession
As they'd be done to, that doth cure *Oppression*.

The Authors Prayer.

NOw thou O God, who didst the Heavens make
The Sea, and Land: when first the word thou spake
Let there be Lihgt; 'twas so; to thee alone
Wee poor Distressed *English*, make our moane
O God, who art the Searcher of all hearts
Tryest the Reines, and in the inward parts
Of Man, has writt thy Law; Reveal I pray:
Thy will On Earth, that our Governours may
Know that they Rule for thee: the Kingdom's thine
And in thy hand, all Power is Divine
Make them to dread thy Name, that sit at *Helme*
Lest by ill Steering, they at length o're whelme
This floating bottome *Ireland*, spoyl'd of Rigging
Since th'*English* lost the VVells of their owne digging:
Their owne, say I? 'twas. thou didst take this land
From a *Barb'rous* People, and in our hand
Hast given it: that we should not doe like
The Nations, whome thou didst in fury strike
O let, our Rulers see, that they alone
VVere not the men, that hath this Kingdom wonne
Nor, that they can defend the same, from harme
By humane *policy*, or fleshly arme.
VVhen *Israel* did all th' abominations
Of the *Heathen*, and round about the *Nations*

Thou didſt drive out, whoſe Land thou didſt them give
Thou mad'ſt them flee before their Foes, and live
Captives in a ſtrange Land: ſo let us fear
That our *Back-ſlidings*, make us not appeare
Like them: then, what may wee, from thee expect
But that our puniſhment, may in effect
Be like to theirs? good God, take thou away
From our Great Men, their *ſtonyhearts* I pray.
And give them Hearts of *Fleſh*: that ev'ry one
May do, but as unto, he would be done.

Remove *O Lord* the ſpleen, and take away
The *Gall* that's in mens hearts, now at this day
VVho *Perſecute* their *Brethren*, without Cauſe
VVreſting the *Old*, and inventing *New* Lawes
To puniſh *Anabaptiſts*, and the *Quakers*
And make the *Cov'nanters*, turn *Cov'nant-breakers*?

Grant this *Good God*, and whatſoever more
Thou knoweſt needfull for us, wee implore
Thy Divine *Goodneſs*, to beſtow it on us
And anſwer ev'ry *Lord have Mercy 'pon us*
Pronovnc'd at *Church*, at *home*, or other place
With *tokens* of thy *Favour*, and thy *Grace*.

The KING, his *Counſells*, and his *Kingdoms* bleſſe
And all his *Subjects*, the *Great* ones, and the *Leſſe*
The Rev'rend *Clergie*, each man in his ſtation
The *Lay-man* too, which comprehends the *Nation*:
Yea, and *the Iriſh*, that are honeſt hearted
Gods bleſſings be amongſt them all imparted.
And laſt of all O God, *Bleſſe*, and defend
Both *mee*, and *mine*; and ſo I make an END.

The

The Conclusion.

ALL things that e're begining had
Muſt have an *end*; bee't good, or bad
So hath this Book, a Story ſad
that's come ſir
To ſee you and ſome ſpeciall friends
And pray's you give your recommends
To thoſe in pow'r that may defend's
from ſome ſir
That would abuſe the *Cavalier*
For writeing what he hath done here
Though 'tis not half, I'le make appear
he could ſir
VVho is ſo Moderate, that drives
At the amendment of mens lives
And that Peace be amongſt them, ſtrives
there ſhould ſir.
Now, if the *Soldier* favour find
Amongſt his friends, to be ſo kind
As to Imprint his Book: my mind
to you ſir
I'le tell; is that the Kingdome o're
It goe, to ſhew what ſome before
Ne're knew: and I'le ſay more
TIS TRVE SIR

A Dialogue, betwixt the Soldier, *Author of the Book, and an* Echo, *being a ſummary Diſcourſe of the whole matter; briefly reſounded by the* Echo.

Sold: Hark! heere is an *Echo*; liſten and hark
Ech: *Mark: S:* I will talk with it, ſhall I not now?
Ech: *Now: S:* and tell the paſſages and then mark
Ech: *Mark: S:* what anſwer it makes, [illegible] tell how

Ech: *How*: S: the *Irish* into Rebellion first
Ech: *First*: S: gathered in a Riotous Rout
Ech: *Rout*: S: against Protestants, their fury burst
Ech: *Burst*: S: for they were so full it needs must out;
Ech: *Out*. S: of all measure was the cruell Papist
Ech: *Papist*: S: Bloudy: a Murdrous Rogue was Teige
Ech: *Teige*: S: and *Dermot* too, worse than a meer *Athist*
Ech: *Athist*: S: who Cov'nant keeps, there is no league
Ech: *League*: S: but the Pope doth indulge to be broke
Ech: *Broke*: S: who to the Rebbells sent into Ireland
Ech: *Ireland*: S: a Bull, that made the Kingdom smoak
Ech: *Smoak*; S, and to burne, as if it were a fire-brand
Ech, *Fire-brand* S; so stareing mad, the Bull was made
Ech; *Made*. S, so that the British should be pilled
Ech, *Pilled*, S, plundred, their Cattell stoln & prey'd
Ech, *Prey'd*: S, and ev'ry Protestant should be Killed
Ech, *Killed*, S, hanged, starued, to pitty no-man
Ech, *No-man*, S; that was of Brittish race, a child
Ech, *Child*, S, newly born, and ev'ry tender VVoman
Ech, *Woman*, S, to put to th' Sword, he judg'd too mild
Ech, *Mild*, S, So was the *Bull* for the POVVDER PLOT
Ech, *Plot*, S, the *Lords Annoynted* must not be spared
Ech, *Spared*, S, then all his *Kingdoms* sure should not
Ech, *Not*, S, but the *Lord* (who for our safetyes cared
Ech, *Cared*. S, his *Name* alone be prailed) then
Ech, *Then*, S, both the *King* and *State* preserved. we see
Ech, *See*, S, which should be a *warning* to all men
Ech, *Men* S, *Watchfull* and *Carefull* alwayes to be
Ech, *Be*, S, Pondering these things and keeping sober
Ech, *Sober*, S, so that they may alwayes Remember
Ech, *Remember*, S, FORTY ONE the moneth OCTOBER
Ech, *October*, S, and the FIFTH day of NOVEMBER.
Ech, *NOVEMBER*.

FINIS.